

CORNUCOPIA

ALBERT JOSEPH HEIL

P S

3515

E28C6

1913





Class PS 3515

Book E 28 C 6

1913

Copyright N^o

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

CORNUCOPIA

ALBERT JOSEPH HEIL



RICHARD G. BADGER

The Gorham Press

BOSTON

Copyright, 1913, by Albert Joseph Heil

All Rights Reserved

PS 3515
E 28 C 6
1913

THE GORHAM PRESS, BOSTON, U. S. A.

1.00
©CL.A350626
101

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTROITUS	7
LABORING LOVE	9
ON KEATS	10
GOD'S GRAND POEM	11
TO MISS ELIZABETH	12
HOPELAND	13
SOME DAY	14
LAMENT	16
TEMPORA MUTANTUR	17
TO A WEEVIL	18
SEMPER FIDELIS	19
THEODORO ROOSEVELT	20
MY SOUL IS LIKE THULE	21
TO ANDREW CARNEGIE	22
IN MEMORIAM	23
OLD PENNSY	25
ODE TO MAY	28
SILENT TOWN	30
TO MISS —	31
RESOLUTION	32
MIDSHIPMAN ALFRED AND FAIR HILDA	33
AMERICAN MUSE AND MAMMON	44
A DAUGHTER OF COLUMBIA	56

- CORNUCOPIA

INTROITUS

Dedication.

One morning fair, in a forest shady,
I met a damsel — Olympian lady;
As I gazed on her, my hot heart said:
“ In this deep wood, love, oh, let us wed ! ”

For the maid appeared not a damsel mortal
But one who'd seen Elysian portal;
For she wore the robe of divinity —
My soul's mate, she — my affinity!

Ah, the damsel blushed as she fell to sighing!
I gathered this from her lips replying:
“ I would wed thee, bard, in this forest here —
But who shall bind us, who witness, dear? ”

Then I pondered long, all my soul allowing
That Muses, too, must be won by vowing.
So I answered thus, to allay her fear —
Aye, this my vow, all the world shall hear:

“ By the stings of care and of want and sorrow,
By hopes that blossom and fade each morrow,
Do I swear to shield, with a ready lance,
Thee, maiden mine, 'gainst Ignorance!

“ Let Apollo come from Olympian heights
And here perform the nuptial rites,
With Mars and Venus a-witnessing,
That I give thee this wedding-ring! ”

Then she bowed her head in a sweet assent,
While forth to Apollo's shrine we went.
Lo! Our path was strewn with many a flower —
Aurora plucked them from her bower.

In that cool, sequestered forest — Truth,
I espoused the Muse in early youth;
Lo! A faithful wife is the dame to me —
She bore me the joys of Poesy!

LABORING LOVE

Thou askest me: "Forever love me?"
Mine answer speaks the Sun above thee;
Who leaves not Earth, until she chides,
Reminding him that Hesper rides:
"Lo! Darkness comes!" says she. "Begone,
O Phœbus, my belovèd one!"
With ling'ring glances, ere he sinks
Behind the hills, he sadly thinks,
Perchance dark Erebus might woo
The maiden, whom he holds untrue.
And dews that sprinkle hill and dale —
His tears, that tell his passion's tale;
Oftimes for days, conceals his sorrow,
When clouds do screen a splendid morrow.
Oftimes he peeps forth, half afraid,
Lest he offend the fickle maid.
Then when her mood proclaims her willing,
Her frigid breast with love's heat filling,
He kisses, courts — but she, as ever,
Grows weary of his fond endeavor.
In vain she chides, for ev'ry day
He comes, since Love must have his way!
Thou askest me: "Forever love me?"
Mine answer speaks the Sun above thee!

ON KEATS

Fine flower, misplanted! Stolen from on high
By pilf'ring Fate! A vengeful god stood nigh
And saw the theft; then made that god a vow
That thou shouldst never live thy life's whole day,
Nor all thy sweetest perfume shed; for how
Could mankind nurture thee? And did not they,
Thy worm-like critics, prey on thee, ere yet
Thou wast full-blown? Thy wondrous budding
set

The jealous monsters on thy path to eye
Thy solitary splendor. "Keats must die!"
The cold world's verdict! Then came foul neglect

And soiled thy half-grown petals; Fame, erect
Though tardy, saw them trampled in the mire;
Remorseful grew and in her righteous ire
Spake thus: "I'll press the petals of this flower,
That Fate has stolen from Apollo's bower,
Here 'twixt the leaves of my immortal book;
Whereon with rev'rent eye, a race shall look —
Regretful, it hath cast aside such sweets —
The warm heart and the soul, Greek soul, of
Keats!"

GOD'S GRAND POEM

Spurn Poesy? Prosaic fools!

Why Cosmos is a sounding poem —

A rolling epic, metric rules —

The Past, a parcel of the proem!

Here learn ye, how the stars are strung —

Each star a word of mighty fire!

Come, hear the tune eternal sung

On God's melodious, mystic lyre!

Here learn how Science voyaged long,

How wakened Psyche doth repentance;

Come learn this truth from this vast song,

That Death begins another sentence!

And Chance, the pen, that frames the rhyme,

Dipped in the cloudy ink of Chaos —

Sets on the papyrus of Time,

These thoughts, whose grandeur doth dismay us.

Grand Odyssey of Cosmos, thou

Art ever written, yet unended;

Created from th' Almighty's brow,

By us remain'st uncomprehended!

TO MISS ELIZABETH

Elizabeth, most beautiful of all —

Of all fair women fairest!

And oh! My heart must own thee! I shall call

Brave warriors. Cupid, darest

Lead mine army of brave sighs up to her bower?

For I swear Love's mighty warfare; ere an hour

Must she be captive in mine arms,

Yet not a slave; no heartless harms

Must ever vex my love-won prisoner!

Nay! I shall make my consort-queen of her,

Love's empress o'er my poet-heart;

My vassal-dreams so many lands —

And she must rule o'er ev'ry part,

With Aphrodite's scepter in her hands!

HOPELAND

If within a vale of Sorrow,
Psyche vainly cope;
Let thy Psyche spread her pinions,
Seek the land of Hope!

'Tis the soul's own sunny Southland,
Where no blossoms die;
Hope, the motherland of actions —
Ruled by gods on high!

Sing thou here of future blessings,
Through the live-long day;
Let thy life be here in Hopeland,
One continuous lay.

Then astonished at perceiving
All thy cares disarmed,
Thou shalt find the world, like Orpheus,
All about thee charmed!

SOME DAY

Some Day —

Thou far-off, gold-tipped peak,
Thro' misty clouds appearing;
With ev'ry step a-nearing,
I would thy summit seek,
Some Day!

Some Day —

Thou goal of searching Youth!
Ambition's step a-climbing,
Like Alpine cloister — chiming,
I'd hear those bells of Truth —
Some Day!

Some Day —

Thou fading prize of Love;
Where mocking sweetheart ever,
Looks down on my endeavor,
To reach her side above —
Some Day!

Some Day —

Thou templed haunt of Fame;
Up with the great Immortals,
When Time hath oped the portals,
I may yet set my name —
Some Day!

Some Day —
Oh, must thy summit fall?
When earth's broad plains grow dim-
mer —
(Life's last volcanic glimmer)
Will Death then end it all,
Some Day?

LAMENT

I cannot strike the mellow key
To dreams intoxicating;
No more shall free-limbed Fantasy
To "Love's Sigh" waltz, creating
Luxurious figures trip before me!
Yea, Terpsichore must ignore me —
For Ida's gone, gone thither, thither,
— Through strait "La Mort"
To Lethe's shore
And taken lyre and music with her!

Therefore am I a vagabond,
On Art's high-way I cower;
Magician, without magic wand
To prove my native power.
So farewell Love and Hope, death-bitten!
So perish Heart by beauty smitten!
Come, row me o'er life's waves of fire,
To Lethe's strand,
— Forgotten-land —
To sleep near Ida and my lyre!

TEMPORA MUTANTUR

Armed with trusty bow and arrow
Once Dan Cupid out a-playing,
Shot a damsel who demurely,
Down his pathway came a-straying.

Strange to say, that arrow did not
Wound the dainty, winsome charmer;
From its mark the dart deflected,
Just as though her breast were armor.

Baffled, Cupid fell to pond'ring
Why the pointed weapon failed him.
But the tantalizing damsel
In this saucy manner hailed him:

"O you stupid little Cupid —
All your weapons antiquated!
Know you not the modern maiden
Hath her heart all armor-plated?"

"Ah! The arts of loving mere men
Dainty woman will defy them;
Love can never wound our steeled hearts,
Wealth alone can charm and buy them!"

And the maiden thence departed
With that argument substantial;
While Dan Cupid wept his downfall,
Said the times had grown financial.

TO A WEEVIL

Poor, winged stranger, thou art gone astray!
Or, art thou merely resting on thy way
To some clear landscape? If so, would I might
This ev'ning flee with thee, the city's sight;
To some still grove together we would hie,
Where thou might'st tell me many reasons why
A weevil's life is happier far than man's;
What peace beneath the forest-moss; what plans
Of industry thy little brains devise.
How without murmur Brother Weevil dies;
How well thou art — in Nature's moral care —
Content to be a weevil, not a bear
Or some rude, plund'ring, scheming, swindling
 rougue
Who seemeth man — O greed with him's a vogue!
Hold, tarry, friend! What, would'st thou hence
 depart?
That window-pane deceiveth thee, to art
Unused! Come, voyager, I'll set thee free;
Thou fearest even harmless men like me.
Ah, 'tis a rule thy mother-weevil taught:
Beware of man, lest thou be foully caught!
So then farewell! Outspread thy dark grey wings
And God-speed is the wish a poet sings!
Gone, gone! How glad to breast the gentle wind,
To leave the town of troubled hearts behind!

SEMPER FIDELIS

Thou, Poesy, wast ever my delight!
With thee, in childhood's Eden-day,
I walked the fields of clover and the bright,
Clear woodland stream, with minnows gay,
Looked wondrous to our eyes! The sturdy wood
His deep-green cloak flared to the sun;
For miles around quaint hills, familiar stood
And in the vale a village — native one!
Where stood an humble cottage and where grew
My heart's lone, pretty flower! Then I knew
Not of the serpent, Care, of venom'd fangs;
Nor dreamed this puny earth bred poet-pangs.
Then glitt'ring days of youth I found alloyed
With suffering and pleasure half-enjoyed!
And now in manhood's sober mantle frocked,
Despondent, aye, and fine ambitions mocked,
Shall I now fickle prove? Though wounded sore,
I'll still begin the conflict o'er and o'er —
Despair, I fling my gauntlet; loyal, I,
Unto the last — to Beauty, Poesy!

THEODORO ROOSEVELT

Versiculos hos dedicat auctor.

Testis adest Musa; sculpsitque Columbia factum:
Horriferum vicit hostem Theodorus arena —
Eripiens populum servumque cupidine Cræsi,
Obstitit audax, hinc ne desinat oblita Virtus.
Dirige, tu, Historia, claram memorare figuram,
Olim Hispania quum Cubae compresserit oras;
Rite uti miles agit, sed fortior est uti civis:
Ursum caedit ubi Hudson languide deserit undas —
Silvas per securas, vade, Industria felix!

Ripas sterne tuas, Potomac; floribus orna!
Obtusum ducit Theodorus, agens chalybeium
Obscenumque gigantem, qui stuprare pudicam
Saepe cupivit Justitiam; nunc: Io triumphe!
Edice Herculem, amans Musa, illum qui prope victor,
Vincere agit montes, ubi Panama dividit undas;
Erige Posteritas, memorabile, Apolline duce!
Lectis oceanis, Neptunia regia consors
Tune, Columbia, eris? Jam solvit laurea Fama!

MY SOUL IS LIKE THULE

My soul is like Thule,
Lone isle in the sea:
Eternal the Winter
That fell upon me!

Yet once there was Summer
Upon this lone isle:
The cycle when Ida
Beamed on me her smile.

But Summer was banished —
For Death wandered nigh.
And blew out the Life-light,
That kindled my sky!

Then swift as the ice-cap
That rolled from the Pole,
Despair tumbled downward
And froze up my soul.

Yes, Death bore mine Ida
To somewhere afar;
Thro' the fields of Urania,
On wings of a star!

And therefore the Summer
My soul knew of old,
Has changed to a Winter,
Eternal and cold!

TO ANDREW CARNEGIE

I will not praise thee for the matter
 Within thy vaults —
Thy millions, which set men to flatter
 Even thy faults;
For diff'rent source doth move my pen indeed —
'Tis that thou sowest wisdom's saving seed!
 Oh, truly honored is that man,
 Whom, dead and gone,
Lamenting Art and Science can
 Know by his stone!
And Andrew, ev'ry tome and lithograph
Shall be rare words of thy long epitaph!

IN MEMORIAM

*To the memory of the Coal-Miners who perished
in the mine-disasters at Naomi, Jacobs Creek and
Monongah, in the month of December, 1907.*

Theirs not to die, 'neath the wide, arching sky,
As our memoried, battle-slain legions;
Theirs not to sink 'neath affection's kind eye,
'Mid the cheer of the clear, upper regions!

No! In the coil of the serpentine mine,
Where as dark as the tomb looms the boulder;
Down where not stars and not sun ever shine,
Death has left them uncoffined to moulder!

Gladly they strode to the treacherous vaults,
Of the cordial Yule-tide a-dreaming;
Thought of the Christ and they grieved o'er their
faults
As they pictured the altar-lights beaming.

But ere old Earth heard the glad Christmas-bell,
Ere the echoing carol had stirred her;
Down in that hell, at their posts there they fell
And Humanity shrieked at the murder!

Ye, who gleaned riches by barges they sped
Down our docile and temperate rivers;
Ye, who know comfort by firesides fed
From their labors — Oh, be ye, the givers! —

Givers of solace in Naomi's gloom;
From Monongah's pale widow drive sorrow;
Jacobs Creek orphans that weep o'er the tomb —
Bid them turn to the sun of to-morrow!

OLD PENNSY

Hail, mighty State, old Keystone State!
Hail, trusty nurse of Freedom's fate! —
For in that day of tyranny,
Twelve sister-states looked up to thee,
Old Pennsy!

When Independence with full throat
Rang out her plaintive molten note,
Thy vales the first to echo round
The gath'ring volume of that sound,
Old Pennsy!

Then down in palmy Mexico,
Rash Santa Anna's hopes sank low,
When Pittsburg guns stood grim arrayed
And belched forth Bragg's dread fusillade,
Old Pennsy!

Our tott'ring Union once they ward —
Thy willing sons Hope's body-guard —
At Gettysburg, Rebellion reeled
When Meade's fine legions charged the field,
Old Pennsy!

Nor could the Spaniard's thrust avail
'Gainst our great navy's coat-of-mail;
For thou, Bellona, dame of wars,
Dost panoply our Yankee Mars,
Old Pennsy!

Ah, thou art first in battle-day;
Ah, thou art first in peace-array;
For Time's great secret of the North,
Thy native Peary — did bring forth,
Old Pennsy!

The first to reach that icy goal,
The first to greet the lonely Pole —
Aye, patient Peary's happy eye
Gazed first upon thine azure sky,
Old Pennsy!

And nature's partial hand ne'er fails
To scatter splendors through thy vales:
Thy woodland, mountains, streams supply
Apollo's theme for aye and aye,
Old Pennsy!

With thy fair daughter none can vie —
She hath a native, kindly eye;
She is god Hymen's masterpiece
And dims the far-famed maid of Greece,
Old Pennsy!

Thy wheels of Progress slip no gears
While Art her fairy-magic rears;
Engirdled by thy steel's embrace,
This mighty globe spins on through space,
Old Pennsy!

Oh, when I'm gone, just let me sleep
Where native vines and flowers creep;
A native tree stand guard o'er me,
A native son — a part of thee,
Old Pennsy!

ODE TO MAY

Of storied goddess, may my pen attempt
Still never praise, for that each visit brings
Us newer joy; or dream or nymph benempt,
Thou art a child of sweet imaginings!
Now dost thou gaze a moment o'er our meads
And peeping roses hearing thee skip by,—
A robin for thy play-mate on thy breast —
Unhood their coy, fair heads;
Then wond'ring at the blueness of the sky,
Will hood themselves no more, nor long for rest!

Now dost thou shower blue-bells 'long our streams,
And near each fence rear'st violets ten-fold;
Or lilies 'mid the swamp-grass, casting gleams
Athwart the frog-possessed pool; when bold
The liberated beetle in brown frock
Doth hum about, while to her hungry young
The thrifty hen shows industry; the while
On ev'ry tree and stock
Hang greenest fruits which June's all eager tongue
May taste and praise; yet thou dost simply smile,
Unconscious of thy goodness and thy rights;
Then niece of Venus (for thou speedest loves),
When Twilight 'gins to hang yon brilliant lights
In Night's great parlor, flooding shadowed
groves —

Then timidly young, am'rous pairs will meet
Unfearing eavesdropping — still thou art there,

Sweet May, and hear'st each ardent word and
smack

Of kisses, though the heat
Of passion dwells not in thy bosom fair,
Too young for care, thee, Love must not attack!

Therefore, O pinky-cheeked and light-haired maid,
Be duly praised! When Vestal virgin, thou,
Within thy vault well-nigh a year hast stayed,
Thou comest forth afresh — same vestal brow,
Some, virgin-limbed — Oh, rare self-sacrifice
For mankind's weal! It is the April moon
Declining, that doth light thee from thy tomb —
Thy dreams sepulchral, price
Of thine imprisonment — dost paint for June
On earth's broad canvas — then dost seek the
gloom!

SILENT TOWN

See yonder gleaming marbles
Beside yon river's bed;
They are the silent steeples,
The City of the Dead!

No festive lights are beaming
In yonder Silent Town;
For Death has rung the curfew,
The curtains are all down.

Here sleep poor Terra's children,
The long, long night has come;
Life's school-book closed and Master
Has sent His pupils home.

In Silent Town's still chambers,
O'er which the myrtles stray,
They're dreaming of the Dawning,
Their Graduation-Day!

TO MISS —

After hearing her sing: "April Morn," by Batten.

Lo! Was this music that I heard?
Aye, more than this — a white-plumed bird
With tremolos the ear encharmed;
Such as famed Orpheus, who disarmed
 All care and sorrow —
Enchanting trees and rocks with his rare notes,
Or soaring skylarks, with their song-brimmed
 throats
 Ne'er dared to borrow
From some high god! Whence, lady, this, thy
 worth?
Art thou not lost 'mong discords of our earth?

Perchance thou art an angel come
To sing of joys in that far Home;
Perchance some goddess, whose sweet song
Must cheer this weary world along,
 Or, art thou human?
O then, let all men rise in unison!
Thro' this famed hall let, aye, the chorus run
 Of: Long live Woman!
Bouquets? Let "sweets unto the sweet" be
 paid
And flowers about a flower be deftly laid!

RESOLUTION

Vexed by a thousand torturing cares,
Heart of mine, thou still must beat;
Send the red blood till victory flares
Upon thy thousand foes' retreat!
Yet oftentimes steals the insidious thought
That death will truce us, ere we know
At what a price the victory's bought,
How many were the fallen foe.
O Heaven! A peaceful breath,
Or better — breathless peace —
A respite, aye, in death —
Aye, Psyche's sure release!
Yet, no! While Purpose shouts her blessed
cause,
Let me fight on, nor for an instant pause!

MIDSHIPMAN ALFRED AND FAIR HILDA

The night was calm, the clock spake ten; the vine
Untremulous, for lo! no wanton breeze
Yet roamed the valley slumbrous; lulled the pine,
Green lawn-custodian! Young Alfred sees
His Hilda's home among familiar trees
As slowly homeward from the bay he wends
His lovelorn way; from mainsail lore he flees,
A-dreaming of vacation 'mong dear friends
And musing how his flame for Hilda still ascends.

Now doth he spy a gate, which he compares
To Heaven's, for it lets an angel in —
His angel Hilda, whom no mortal dares
Accuse of one defect or e'en a venial sin!
Anon he views the garden, where had been
His first sweet pang for her a year ago;
Anon a glimpse at her blest chamber win
His roving eyes; then passion's pain doth groan;
He asks himself: May he not see her now, alone?

"Unseemly tho the hour," he mused a space,
"Can I not dare Convention to her den?
What wrong to steal a glance at her fair face?
I'll bribe the shutter for to say: Amen!
E'en now her dim-lit chamber — Amor's glen
Invites me up, to view its happiness;
For it contains pure Hilda — well I ken,

Ne'er such rare beauty did a spirit dress
As that which boasts the soul of my fair sorceress!"

Now doth a roving zephyr stir the leaves,
As if aware intrusion were a-wing;
The swishing branches Alfred now believes
Are jealousied, for lo! Alarm they sing;
Aye, seem to say: "Intruder base, why bring
Thy passion to her chamber at this hour?
The sacred maid doth sleep and everything
About her bed is wrapt in fairy-power —
Oh, venture not to wake a sleep-enfolded flower!

"What, tho thou art her lover? Hath not day
Rich moments, wherein thou may'st worship her?
Behold the am'rous sun will not essay
To anguish night, by pressing posies, sir,
But hides him, when the languid fields prefer
Sweet rest; nor doth he halt a moment more
Lest in fair Ceres' bosom he might stir
Sharp scruples, should he linger at her door
Whilst she with moony night-gown doth her limbs
veil o'er!"

But Passion, night-hawk more than turtle-dove,
Within his breast this answer strange did make:
"Ye trees, so bold — for lo! Ye tower above
Her chamber's window-sill — may I not take
Like ye, a peep and satisfy mine ache?
Is she not mine, aye, soon shall be my bride?

May I not even enter, bid her wake,
Aye, to her dream-washed lips a kiss confide?
Lo! Must I go and leave my fond desire un-
tried?"

Then like a demon, he obeys desire!
Aye, climbs the linden-tree, whose branches
green
Come 'twixt fair Hilda's room and his love's fire —
Nay, nay! No tree shall such sweet vision
screen!
Its topmost limb he gains, then pries unseen
The half-closed shutter open — Lover's stealth!
How beats his heart, ye may guess well, I ween,
Who e'er sought beauty, in rash, youthful
health —
Lo! Like a Heaven fair, did seem that chamber's
wealth!

The lamp, unwilling its bright rays to wean
From Hilda's beauty, watched, altho 'twas late;
Upon her bed, loved Hilda's elbows lean;
Her eyes some book o'erride, some lover's fate.
Now doth she smile, now doth a tear donate
To her sweet bosom's grief — the tale is sad;
Perchance of hopeless love — we cannot state —
Yet sad that story and she musings had
Of her loved Alfred, aye, her brown-haired sailor-
lad.

How longed he then to kneel before those slippered
feet;

To hold within his arms her slender waist!
And burned to rob her lips of kisses sweet
And on her forehead still hot Amor's taste;
To lay his head upon her bosom chaste
And dream he died and she — his sepulchre —
Her tresses — weeping-willows and her laced
White bodice be his shroud and tears of her
Be dews, to sprinkle her fair cheeks, which roses
were!

While thus his eyes her virgin-charms survey,
She lays her book aside and in her hands
Encouches her sweet face, her thoughts away
With Alfred o'er wide seas, in foreign lands,
Then stooping down, unclasps the silken bands
Her feet imprisoning; her boudoir
Prepares, then nigh the happy mirror stands;
Her snowy arms and breasts by lamp-light are
So smooth and full, they might well cause a Trojan
War!

Then fall her sunny hair in ringlets down
About her cheeks and wanton on her neck;
Then doth she to the bosom of her gown
A picture press: A sailor on the deck
Of full-rigged ship; she dreams of dismal wreck!
A sigh she heaves then fondly kisses it
'Mid murmurs soft: "O lover mine, come check

This mighty passion, ere my bosom split!"
In sweet abandon then upon the bed doth sit.

But he her constancy espying, lo!

What power may stay him longer from her arms?
His heart with weight of passion doth o'erflow;

What, tho 'tis midnight? What are rude
alarms?

Love sees not, hears not future-gendered harms;

He sees but, hears but Hilda and he burns
To lose himself among her million charms.

While thus tormented, this fond lover yearns,
The treach'rous limb gives way! He to the ground
returns!

As when a dove, half-dozing on her nest

Hears suddenly, entwining branches fall;

As wakes the love in her maternal breast

Lest danger grim her unfledged young enthrall —
E'en so, that noise about her chamber's wall —

Young Alfred's woe, did his fair Hilda hear.
Who might at this late hour so rudely call?

She goes unto the window and her fear
Awakes! The linden-tree doth minus limb appear!

Then tremblingly she doth the window raise

And lo! She finds the shutters wide ajar!

Then blushing about her shoulders lays

A silken shawl, a gift sent from afar
By Alfred, when he cruised near Gibraltar.

Now spectres weird before her fancy trot,
How frantic seemed to twinkle each high star!
Then falls to earth a sweet-geranium pot
Which her all-anxious mind had in the fuss forgot.

Now hark! What dismal moan doth she descry?

What form in agony there on the ground?
Thus rose his words: "O Hilda, love, I die!

Haste hither, sweet; I have a mortal wound'
Already barks thy father's faithful hound;

O haste and kiss me ere I breathe my last!
Upon yon linden-tree this death I found —

Its treach'rous limb gave way as I held fast
And saw thee kiss a pictured sailor 'fore the mast."

"O God!" she shrieks in grief. "'Tis he, my love,
Mine only Alfred!" Quickly she conceals
Each snowy foot in each white slipper's cove.

Then like a fairy-queen a-down she steals
O'er stair-way; in the darksome hall she feels

Her way, when lo! Her father's step she marks
Who in half-wakened slumber strangely reels,

A-wond'ring what young fool had practiced larks,
That make his watchful hound disturb the air with
barks.

How may she now her dying lover aid?

Her father must not know he lies without;
Must never dream that Alfred had waylaid

Her chamber's privacy! Her heart is stout

And thus dispels her father's growing doubt:

“Get thee to bed, dear parent, sleep again!
'Twas but a flower-pot that caused this rout
Of thy soft slumber! I was careless when
I sought to close my shutters; let me get it then!

“My sleep-enshrouded arm was negligent,
Aye, aimless strove beyond the window-sill
And ere I rightly knew what happened, sent
The fragrant posy to the earth — but still
Get thee to bed, sweet dreams thy slumber fill!”

This daughter's voice so sweetly could persuade
That he politely yielded to her will;
Lost him again 'mid sleep's refreshing shade,
Nor dreamed of ill, nor of the calm deceit she
played.

Lo! In her snowy gown she gently glides,
Like some celestial visitor to earth;
Unbolts the door; against her bosom's sides
Her heart beats quickly in its sainted berth —
Forgotten gayety, forgotten mirth!
She must to Alfred speed and solace him;
Beneath the linden's branches shows her worth:
She takes him in her arms — his eyes are dim!
How maidenly she chides that linden's treach'rous
limb!

Her tear-drops virginal with crimson stains
That from his wounded forehead rush, unite;

Now on his lips caressings soft she rains,
He in his dying grasp, enfolds her tight.
“O happy death!” He gasps, “O happy plight!
I die for thy sweet sake, loved Hilda mine!
Entomb me in thine arms — my life’s delight,
My sepulchre be thou — those tears of thine
Be dew — yet Hilda, kiss me — once again, I
pine!”

She feels his spirit is about to fade;
Then doth she lay her fulsome breast upon
His feebly-panting bosom; half afraid,
She cushions her soft lips upon the wan,
Pale mouth of Alfred — quivered he — and gone!
Death’s coldness crept thro all that youthful
frame
And Hilda moans: “Here disappears my dawn!
Now life is night!” She called again his
name —
He answered not. Ah, Death, thou art for this to
blame!

Then stealthy madness doth her mind invade;
Anon she pats her cheek with her soft palm,
Anon she strokes cold Alfred’s locks which swayed
Like trembling plantlets in the night-air calm.
Then seeks on kisses to console her qualm
While her blue eyes in frenzied grief do stare —
Alas, poor maiden! She can find no balm

For orphaned Love! As if all grief were
there —

She lays dead Alfred's hand upon her bosom bare.

O woe! The faithful hound doth struggle wild
To break his chains, from kennel's grip to flee!
He sees the white-robed maiden, undefiled,

With her lone grief a-wrestling; fancies he,
She is some prowling stranger; faithfully

He must this spectred stranger seize and show
His master on the morn, how true can be

His hound. Oh, little did that watch-dog know
His mistress in that gown concealed, that vexed
him so!

Now fiercer still he battles 'gainst his chains;

The maddened maiden heareth not, her woe
All senses drowning. Mark, the fierce dog gains
His liberty! Then like a rushing foe
His frenzied bulk upon the maid doth throw!

In fury blind he grips her at the throat
And shakes her till the ruby blood doth flow —

That blood is sweet, the greedy hound doth note.
Young Hilda falls and death is now not far remote!

She smiles, well pleased her Alfred soon to meet;

What now to her is life? She gasping, speaks:
"I thank thee, Bruno, for this death so sweet!"

Then clasping Alfred, on his barren cheeks
She lays her own; grim Death his victim seeks —

Her twitching limbs betray the struggle bred
'Twixt life and death. She dies — Ye herald
streaks

Of morn shall greet this wedding of the dead —
Of two young lovers on their grassy bridal-bed!

Now when fierce Bruno heard his name pronounced

By voice familiar, lo! He stood surprised —
O, why so rashly had his fury pounced?

O why not know his mistress thus disguised?
His drooping eyes reveal remorse; despised

He now shall be; then doth he 'gin to whine;
His canine sorrow pass unanalysed —

He hides himself — a guilty dog in fine!
Nor starts he more the timid hare or lazy kine!

No more shall Alfred climb in sailor's art,
The swan-like Severn's lofty mast; nor might
Fair Hilda more her vow declare; athwart

The star-decked sky the clouds enveil the sight.

Lo! On the morrow, what sad pen may write

That household's grief? Enough! Why fur-
ther rear

Sown sorrow? Who may change to day, the night?

Let it suffice to note with dripping tear,
That virgins plant white roses 'round dead Hilda's
bier.

Ye Neptune's followers — ye lovers true,

Speak kindly of young Alfred's perished deed;

'Twas love alone that prompted him to do
An act unseemly to the world's stern creed.
Behold two stricken fathers mourn and heed
Two sobbing mothers! Let the lovers sleep —
Sleep gently side by side! A prayer speed
For their soul's weal, ere lastly in their deep,
Dark graves they sink them, where the modest wil-
lows weep!

As falls the earth upon their coffined forms,
How doth maternal sobbing burst anew!
Lo! Sad it is to give such feast to worms,
Yet meet, that, as in life, their fond loves grew
Entwined — so, in their graves, death's residue
Shall rot comminglingly — Love's alchemy!
Which doth but prove the dream of lovers true —
And beauty shall be laid with bravery,
Since Hilda sleeps with Alfred now eternally.

Lo! Tearfully depart the mourners, save
But one — the hound; sad Bruno there behold
Concealed behind a mound; dead Hilda's grave
He marks, then whines in his remorse untold;
Then falls upon her tomb! Three days had rolled
Across the sky of time — a mother sped
To plant first flowers o'er the new-made mold,
When lo! Athwart her daughter's earthen bed,
She saw the form of Bruno, motionless and dead!

AMERICAN MUSE AND MAMMON

Come forth, O Muse, from out thy prison-cage,
Come sing the follies of this crazy age;
Invoke strong Byron from th' immortal shades,
May he assist when thine own fury fades!
Or conjure Burns, may he, in satire flay,
The greedy monsters in his "Bardie's" way!
With Byron, Burns and lo! An humble me —
Two spirits and a mortal — champions three,
O antique Muse, thou mayst demand redress;
Let Justice now, prove too, a Poetess!
The Muse 'gainst Mammon! Fiat and Amen!
So good right hand come wield the mighty pen!
What though the blood spilt, be but merely ink,
What though on paper, all our foemen sink —
Why such the warfare of a noble Thought,
Why in such wise is Merit's vict'ry bought!
So sink bold Greed, here is a thrust at thee!
Fall Yankee god — old Moloch, Tyranny!
Come wingèd steed, of time-worn, toughened
hide,
Come Pegasus, thy nostrils open wide,
Blow out old Moloch's sacrificial fire
Consuming all ideals in its ire!
Thy snorting fright yon throng, that rushes on,
Unknowing sunset from the blessed dawn!
(Tell not of bards, nor scoff at "midnight
oil" —
A bardie's labor, sure, is noble toil).

What frenzied poet ever seemed as strange
As insane broker at the Stock Exchange?
With hair unkempt, with Greed set in his eye —
His stocks, his shares! O hear the maniac cry!
What! He has made a few good millions more,
By starving sev'ral thousands of the poor!
But what of that? No law will punish
wealth —

When rich men steal, 'tis called romance, not
stealth!

Why Speculation counsels you to die,
For you the cost of living is too high —
Ye gods! Parnassus hath no brood at all
Like that which lords the stony street of Wall;
Where Jews and roguing gentiles never work —
The curse of country — shame of old New York!
Where Jews are jurists, Justice turns to Fraud,
Why Hebrews make of Justice but a bawd!
If poor, to steal a loaf — 'tis thirty years;
If wealthy though — pray have no further
fears —

Why steal a billion loaves — our Yankee law
Can find in Croesus, surely, not a flaw.
Consult some Hebrew shyster, he of thee,
Will make a saint. (Of course thou hast the
fee!)

And this is Justice — deity of old!
Tear off the blindfold from that marble cold;
Give her new scales! 'Tis not the Maker's plan
That senseless gold shall e'er o'erweigh a man!

O let that antique Roman matron look
On brainless authors of the modern book,
Who think that Fame poetic can be bought
Like European titles, which are sought
By purblind daughters of our millionaires —
Poor slaves of luxury — poor prey to cares;
Who wedded, then, awake upon a morrow
To ascertain, they've bought a titled sorrow!
In vain, ye poetasters seek to climb
Up steep Parnassus, via wretched rhyme;
Your flatt'ring guides, on whom your fond hope
 leans —

Dull editors of duller "magazines"!
True song from prose, they cannot tell apart,
But hold a bank-note highest work of art!
Who advertise dull wares a purse to feed —
"Why he supplies a great and wondrous
 need"—

In words like these, the modern scribbler's thrust
Before the public by the rhymster-trust!
O bard, let not your poesy ring true!
How can an editor be bright as you?
For Honesty ne'er tutored him at school
And politicians make of him a tool!
Unhappy Pegasus! Thy flights are o'er;
Thou may'st no more to realms Elysian soar;
No more, poor nag, shalt feed on classic grain —
The modern rhymster rides an aëroplane!
O let him glide! That dumb, mechanic thing
Lacks sense and soul and metaphysic wing!

It brings no truth, no message from on high,
But shows poor man a newer way to die!
Yet know, man thrived throughout the ages long,
Before Mechanics, but not before a Song!
When mankind still a helpless infant lay
The Muse was first to kiss his tears away;
Full oft did she, divinest prophetess,
Sing him a song of cosmic blessedness;
How Homer would bid Hellas fair arise
And speak in marble — wisdom of the wise.
How from the tale — Æneas on the foam,
The Roman bold would rear eternal Rome.
How Honor would, in mediæval hall,
Be sterling coin, dazzling one and all!
O Muse, thou art unlearned in modern capers,
No space for thee in all our daily papers:
Too modest thou, thy classic form divine,
Fair matrix of ideals, Greece's shrine —
Doth wear too much of Virtue's ample dress,
To please th' immoral Freedom of the Press!
Why see the Press would have us read perforce
Of Mr. G.'s and Mrs. G.'s divorce!
A column of adulteries lays bare
And probes the secrets of this wedded pair;
Aye, cries the news from avenues and domes,
Then sells it us — to elevate our homes!
One page to filth the editor must spare,
Another to some "current church-affair!"
Or spurns the laurel — poet's classic twig,
But gives a page to Rockefeller's wig.

Behold him lost in deepest meditation,
A-wond'ring how to find a new sensation.
O what to him are virtues, what are truths?
The Press needs but reporters and some sleuths
To tell us, 'mongst some other trash and rot —
A social Miss had danced the Turkey-trot;
How Jewish E. controls the Yankee stage,
Makes spicy plays the latest, popular rage.
Then straightway gentile madams witness same
And pop! Divorce becomes the favored game!
If household gifts the "circulation" baffles,
Why Press engages wily "Mr. Raffles."
Whereto, whereto, O modern Press art come,
That by such wiles must public favor drum?
Lost independence! Play a noble part —
Come back to Truth, to Decency and — Art!
Wake, editor, else o'er thy tomb be writ:
Here lies a coward and a hypocrite!
Now since dame Fashion beckons us peruse
Our monthly sheets, beside the Daily News,
Come, Satire — pseudo-literary deans,
Come, spue thy venom o'er — the "magazines"!
Here thriveth one — 'tis fed on windy stuff,
On senseless rhyme and would-be novels — bluff!
Which finds in Afric Dunbar's baby-trash,
To feed white souls — a real poetic hash;
'Twould have fair Muses turn "white slaves"
instead

And place green laurels on a kinky head!
Bravo, good William D., your bust, I swear,

Will in the bungalow some day appear!
And there's another but of recent birth,
Yet knows how much each scribbler's name is
worth;

Where R. metes out his tuneless jungle-twang
And hacks good English with a boomerang.
Alas, poor R., in vain you try to mash
Fair Musa, though you get the ready cash!
And here's a sheet, well, stomach it, who can —
'Tis anything but cosmopolitan.

For this writes Z., a marvel of conceit;
Who, being bold, contends, is being great;
How can Z. long a Christian world regale
With rhymed conceit or some dull Hebrew tale?
And lo! Here's one that dishes out romance,
A wondrous tale, whose hero is Finance!
(O laugh not, Burns, and giggle not, good Byron,
Ye've never read "Romance of Steel and
Iron!")

These flatt'ring tales of greedy millionaires
Are meant to lull the common reader's cares;
Here's Alwin's "Riders"; other folderol,
Yclept "A Poem"—suff'ring Jove, how droll!
New England's wisdom to one sheet confined —
A certain monthly, far the age behind.
Alas, famed Boston, once our Athens, thou,
Proud as thy prototype, with laurelled brow,
The haunt of genius — has thy classic ear
Been charmed by "rag-time" rhyme? It has,
we fear.

Perchance, O high-browed dame, just for a
space

Hast sadly, Letheward, turned thy sweet face.
But still while Fama, wandered from the gods,
Like cunning strumpet for a Nabob nods —
Be mute, Apollo; keep thy song unrolled,
For Fame prefers the hard, harsh sound of gold!
White slave to Press — a wanton's life she lives,
Reporters sell, if highest bidder gives.
And pand'ring critics look about and jeer
If genius in an humble cot appear.
But what's a critic? Just conceited lout,
Who knows not rightly what to talk about;
Ignoring morals, fond of offered pelf,
His standard — Mammon — aye, the god him-
self!

So let him jeer, let editors deride,
The true-blue "bardie" brushes them aside!
By sucking blood the leech must keep alive,
On poet-veins our critics often thrive.
Wail not, then bard, if clouds obscure thy name,
Yet scorn the silv'ry avenue to Fame!
Poe had his Griswold, ever apt to blame;
Hear Poe's sad voice yet from the tomb exclaim:
"My dreams are o'er, sepulchral darkness keep
Lone vigil, while I take my dreamless sleep;
Though horrid be this worm-infested den,
'Tis pleasanter than jealous hearts of men.
Me, nature life and genius gladly gave,

But man's cold heart would give scarce e'en a
grave!

The gods are fled! Now thrives a meaner brood!
My life was failure — I, misunderstood!"

'Twixt Poe and Cræsus what a chasm lies —
Once Genius, but now Wealth, Parnassus tries.
Behold the bold Four Hundred's recent fad
Of framing novels! Truly we are glad
To note, we lower millions, stiff-necked sinners,
What virtues sprout at Newport monkey-dinners.
O poor rich dame, that hast no proper child
But art enforced to adopt a monkey wild —
The Gracchi mother, in the Roman day
Had two bright sons, of whom the dame did say:
"My jewels, these!" The Yankee millioned
dame

Beholds her monkeys and remarks the same!
O godlike monkey, monkey superhuman,
That canst so charm aristocratic woman!
What marvel thou? Thou surely canst play
whist;

O where the honored palm, where round did twist
Thy sacred tail? Art thou a Duke? What, ho!
Art thou a Count or Prince de Bungalow?
Art come across the seas to find a mate?
(Forgive the thought — it whizzed right through
my pate.)

Or African ape, or elder scioned Asian
Thou far excell'st the creature, called Caucasian;
For see, our fair-faced Anglo-Saxon girl,

Whose beauty sets poor artists all awirl,
Why she, poor being, forth to slave must go
With tattered shoe, whence peeps a frozen toe;
While monkeys, negroes charm the Yankee heiress
And wine and dine with Madam Millionairess!
Poor fact'ry lass! Divine Caucasian shape!
Nor negress she, nor yet a female ape!
No help for her — the bulwark of our nation,
For Wealth will aid but negro-education,
But who can bribe stern Nature to commute?
She wills — the negro must remain a brute!
O Nemesis speak! Bring down thy vengeance
drear —

And let me add the chiding of a seer:
Misguided dames of wealth, that strut and flit,
Unnat'ral brood from Mammon's damnèd pit —
Dull pets of princelings of mere steel
Or other stocks — your hearts not made to
feel —

Whose wealth was built, we cannot well forget,
By Slavic slavery or "Dago" sweat;
'Gainst whom no barricado on our shore,
Who suck existence from our native poor —
Beware of prating Hist'ry's ready tongue
And pardon, dames, your monkeys should be sung
E'en by a bard as humble, dull as I,
Untitled, strange to your society!
Yes, shame on me, who find a fair-faced lass
More beautiful than negro, ape or ass.
'Tis plain my taste is certainly abject —

My sire mine education did neglect!
 My pleasures bloom, where'er the Muses bide —
 Your fav'rite pastime — racial suicide!
 Where I might give the pauper's fire a log,
 You'd build a mausoleum for your dog!
 And once — O grievous fault — I stooped so low
 Yea, served the country's flag — eight years I
 know,
 I trod a warship's deck — O dames, forgive:
 On navy-beans I once did happily live!
 O grievous fault! For upper dames decide
 A jack-tar, socially unqualified!
 O Jack, thou sluggard — to some monkey hie
 And learn from him to charm a lady's eye!
 O stupid me — where'er I choose to roam,
 I love the mother of the moral home;
 Who's most content to follow nature's way
 And rear good off-spring for the future day —
 While I do scorn the damsel who doth prate
 "Affinities" and "soul to cultivate."
 Who makes of God's great workshop — sacred
 womb,
 A fetid, horrid and untimely tomb!
 Ye cursed infanticides, who morals scorn,
 Aye, slay the helpless human, yet unborn —
 Ye kin to murd'rous Russian Nihilist,
 Ye kin to diabolic Anarchist!
 These smite the kindly ruler, harmless priest —
 Ye kill the unformed babe as 'twere a beast!
 The Anarchist doth human law abhor —

Ye scorn old Nature's, call a babe a bore!
Ye nomad-nothings — schooled to desecrate —
Back to your homes and learn to populate!
Give us more babes, rich babes, poor babes, for
see

Columbia needeth babes of each degree;
The state protect the orphan — sure as fate —
The orphan will some day defend the state!
Yon side the West ambitious Nippon lies —
Beyond th' Atlantic — greedy Europe's eyes!
Whose then the crime, when booted foemen stalk
Across our acres and no stumbling-block?
'Tis thine, O childless dame, O wealth-ca-
ressed —

Hast made no soldiers, who mightst make the best!
Grand motherhood! Upon thy kindly lap
May sleep a bard or future sage mayhap;
Whose dreams are mandates from the gods on high
To Art and Science, lest all progress die.
And green the myrtle, that doth twine around
The hero's mother's well-remembered mound.
O fireside empress! Queen o'er ev'ry land —
Creation's self — Fate's scepter in thy hand!
Here halt we, Muse; here end our doughty
rhyme —

Come, Byron, Burns — hie back to Spirit-clime!
The song's conclusion, let it fall to me;
'Tis mine to make a brief apology:
To right a wrong, the object of my song
And pardon, ladies, if I've done you wrong.

In spearing evils, if I've aimed amiss
My heart, O dames, chide not! 'Tis not, I wis,
Harsh as our satire, full of mock and leer,
For lo! 'Tis born the female to revere!
For saint or sinner — woman's mind meseems —
God's studio — where wondrous dreams He
dreams!

God bless your sex and give you wit to use
Your talent, wealth to help the female Muse.
But song Amen! We've started our reform;
These are the days of mighty stress and storm.
Our rude performance, though not over-clever
Is just a germ of Jove-sent Sibyl's fever.
So spread the good disease! While beats my
heart,

It beats for Truth and Beauty, noble Art!
Born foe to Mammon, I shall never cease
Until Columbia — boasts the soul of Greece!

A DAUGHTER OF COLUMBIA

A tale of Newport, R. I.

O ye, who hold that sweet Romance is dead,
Slain by the hand of modern Money-Greed;
O ye, who say Columbia's daughters wed
But titled weaklings of stale Europe's breed —
Hark to the tale that wond'ring Newport told
Of charming Edith, spurning heaps of gold,
For that she loved young Jerold, son of Care,
Who in his turn, adored this maiden fair.

Within a stately mansion was she reared;
Sans travail sped her childhood's happy dawn;
'Mong flowers fair, herself a flower appeared,
An elf, child-dreamed upon an elfin lawn.
In truth, some poet would have named her Fay,
Had he but seen this Innocence at play;
While bowing servants to her whims replied,
Whom they did think some princeling's future bride.

Full sixteen times the yearly rose had blown
And Edith neared th' enchanted land of Love;
Now youth's sweet pangs within her bosom sown,
While on her cheek the blushes clashed above,
When she would read some kind old poet's tale,
Of how an humble hero did empale
With manly deeds, some high-born lady's heart;
Then oft she longed to play such lady's part.

At sixteen years what maiden doth not look
With sweet confusion o'er the roads of life?
With curious eye, scans Amor's mystic book,
Where cons she first the sacred word of — wife;
When Nature jealous, lest her works might cease,
Doth force her law, that Beauty must increase.
Thus tortured Edith, filled with hot romance,
For Love's sweet sake, would set the world at
chance!

Two Summers more, now added to her grace;
A noble heart within her bosom stirred.
And pink and white did gambol o'er her face —
And O! Those golden tresses! Lo! what word
Can paint the puissance of that silken seine,
That captured men a-roving in Love's main?
And then her eyes — two worlds of azure blue —
No planets e'er did offer such a view!

Here was enchanted land, where beings grew —
Rare thoughts, the fruitage of her virgin-mind;
No dull eclipse, save when at night she drew
Her downy eyelids, screening from mankind.
And when she wept, was water on these stars,
Yet Spring eternal, never snow of Mars.
They were ideal regions, drawing nigh
The influence of a sun, on life's grand sky!

Oft have we seen the carmined lips of morn
Ope sweetly, utt'ring youthful Day's nearby;

When herald streaks the Orient's cheek adorn —
'Tis Heaven's smile; Aurora lights the sky!
Yet fair Aurora, Olympia's rosy pride —
Our gentle Edith may thy charms deride;
Within her choice, corporeal molecules,
A choicer soul, an empress-spirit rules!

Now many a son of idle wealth drew near
The lovely shelter where this maiden bloomed,
And many a flatt'ry heard her dainty ear,
Where Cræsus sits securely and well-groomed.
But wanton splendor of Society
Caught not her eye, for often marvelled she:
Why should poor men of Death such a grandeur
 flaunt,
When countless other men are laid in want?

So golden Summer woke upon the bay,
Where Newport's palaces enhance the shore;
Now come the days when Wealth appeareth gay;
When Luxury, more wanton than before,
By day doth tempt the restless, salty wave,
By night doth lure old Passion from his cave;
While Beauty falls in many a snare's embrace,
And Cræsus winks at this mad Beauty-chase.

And Edith, too, was taught in Fashion's school;
Oft sought the strand, her governess beside;
For Neptune's realm is ever fresh and cool —
Here oft the angry serf sweet Edith tried.

Nor mermaid e'er such wonder could awake:
For her full form an artist's dream did make.
When agile she the deeper water dared,
Then from the sands, old Envy at her stared.

Or when her dainty feet would seek the beach —
Unconscious of the many eyes that aimed
At her rude glances; safe from Passion's reach,
She seemed an antique nymph; a picture framed
By boundless sky and shady trees around;
A symphony of charming grace and sound.
And all who saw, felt admiration's fire —
In some 'twas virtue, others wrong desire.

“ A newer Venus is yon maid, by Jove! ”
Quoth idle, witless Marquis de la Terre.
“ For this fair damsel, I shall swear fierce love,
Because I'm told, some millions wait on her.
Why she's a Yankee heiress, and would wear
A title! Ha! This very night declare
That she has charmed me; ask her soon to wife —
Then with her millions live a royal life!

“ What though her beauty sets young fools awhirl —
I hold that Wealth than Beauty brings more cheer.
And though she love not me, this simple girl —
Why from her dot I could a harem rear;
Buy all the demi-mondes of sunny France
And with my comrades, sons of wine and dance,
Outshame the bacchanalian days of Rome —
Bah! What is Beauty, what a Wife and Home?

“ Should she upbraid me for my madsome ways,
I’ll say she lacks of culture and finesse;
I’ll tell her, ’tis our noble art française
To garb dame Pleasure in a scanty dress.
And should my Yankee heiress then, perforce
Seek freedom by the traveled route — divorce,
Why I shall smile and say: Ten millions ask —
From thy rich sire and thou hast done thy task! ”

“ O thou fool-hardy, piteous, millioned dame,
Who see’st in titles — honors and a train;
But know’st them not as synonyms for shame —
As useless roofing o’er a useless brain!
For what’s a Count? Why one, whose ancient line
Dates often from a king’s stale concubine.
And titles, crowns are very weighty gear,
With debt alloyed, too burdensome to wear! ”

So beckons he, in Gallic self-conceit
His crafty valet, for his purpose hired;
Bids him with due decorum, Edith greet
And to her mamma, speak as one inspired:
How noble de la Terre, on touring bent,
By chance had seen fair Edith; how content
Had straightway left him; how with love aflame,
His heart was full of Edith — bless her name!

Now while the plotting Frenchmen laid their snare
Sweet Edith stood, fair victim unexcelled!
Nor of such plotting was as yet aware;

In her white hand her bathing-skirt she held;
Her wave-kissed tresses down her forehead strayed,
Concealing each blue eye within their shade;
But now the breezes, jealous of her face,
Part back her hair, revealing ev'ry grace!

Her garments, wet, cling to the supple mold
And yield to ev'ry motion of her limbs.
She was a dreamer's poem there unrolled,
Her face the title: Nature's Beauty — Whims.
Her breasts still heaving, free from Neptune's arms,
Like rising, sinking waves, a sea of charms,
Sweep hearts along, until they helpless be
And sink deep down in Amor's mighty sea!

But see, now halts she by a lowly scene,
Now like a heav'nly vision standeth still;
With serious eye and wonder-wakened mien,
She spies some lady's crippled automobile;
On which a young mechanic plies his trade —
Young Jerold, he — who sees the charming maid,
Yet toileth on; some madam wants her car
And she's impatient, as rich ladies are!

The Marquis seeing Edith thus enwapt,
Then closer draws, with many bows and saws,
Proclaims mechanics oft to sloth much apt;
Says, he himself might remedy the flaws
In this machine; when Jerold, sternly fair,
Beholds the Frenchman and his foreign air.

And then in true-born, manly Yankee pride,
Laughs him to scorn and bids him stand aside.

Then boards the car and tests its power and speed,
Like gallant knight, upon a charger fleet,
He manages; proclaims all's well indeed,
Then stops the car at Edith's very feet.
Then begs her pardon; as his browny eye
Looks gently into hers — O powers on high!
What magic in that glance! For Edith starts,
All frightened, pierced by Cupid's unseen darts!

Nor golden fort of wealth can shield her now —
A poor youth's eye, when lit with proper glow,
Can win an heiress, make a princess bow.
But how fares he, this youth in Passion's throe?
Her sweet disturbance now to him is plain
And Love's contagion thrills his ev'ry vein;
He manful struggles 'gainst the mystic foe —
But all in vain, since Nature wills it so!

She sees in him a noble, manly strength,
Yet tempered with rare kindness of the soul.
And thus she reasons to herself at length:
" 'Tis true, he's humble, labor is his dole;
Yet I love him — I cannot just tell why,
'Tis my poor reason — love him all, do I.
His soul hath sent a message to my breast;
My heart has read and now can never rest!

“ He seemed to say: ‘ Oh, wert thou not of wealth,
Or were I not of Poverty a child —
I’d own thee, maid, by courtship’s law or stealth,
Make thee my mate in life’s entangled wild!
But I am born to toil for daily bread
And could not hope so rich a maid to wed;
For thou art Edith, reared in luxury —
Mechanic, yes, an honest tradesman, I!’

“ I see brave Honor on his classic brow,
A care-defying, true nobility.
His voice did tremble, when he spake, e’en now,
A-quiv’ring said: ‘ O lady, pardon me!’
I, pardon him? A million times and more!
He’s hurt me here; I’ve wounded him full sore;
Since wounded both, in manner strange and terse,
My doctor he, and I his tender nurse!

“ Bleed, bleed, my heart, and rage, ye pangs of love!
O precious blood of love! O joyful pain.
For this rare youth, O potent sun above,
I give my all! O madness of my brain —
Yet no; not madness, rather killing joy,
That tickles brain and limb — makes bold the coy;
O God! Was maiden ever yet so lost?
Oh, give me him, my love, at any cost!

“ Perchance he’ll strive mine ardor to restrain
And say, he boasts nor millions nor estates.
I’ll answer him, O this, my heart’s refrain:

For thee I will defy all mortal fates!
Would'st have me sew and mend thy garments
torn?
My fingers that have never felt a thorn
Or needle's prick — for thee, they'll learn to sew!
Would'st have me cook? Why cooking I will
know!

“ Ah! Poverty, art thou so very proud?
What! Can not I, who many millions claim,
Buy him from thee? Am I not e'en allowed
To look on him? Or is it such great shame —
To love a man, a sweaty, honest man,
My man of men, my Jerold? Love, I can
Forsake my mansion, wealthy friends and gold,
If Poverty but take me to her fold.

“ Why, what's a mansion, if I'm bound to one
Whom I love not? Why, 'tis a gold-ribbed hell!
But with my Jerold, life would diff'rent run:
For in a kennel, I could love him well.
O thou blue Heaven, hear my maiden-cry:
Oh, give me Jerold, lest I, pining, die!
All, all to me; his honest hand and heart;
His handsome eyes, his lips, his ev'ry part!”

While thus hot Love within her bosom raged
And Passion spake such mute, yet mighty speech
And Reason seemed in Longing's net encaged,
Poor, tortured Edith sank upon the beach,

Fatigued by love. Her governess made haste,
Caressed her hair, which zephyrs had laid waste
And thus she crooned: "O Edith, thou art pale;
Come, let us hence; for child, thou growest frail!

"Perchance too long, thou'st buffeted the wave
Or has the sun too fiercely followed thee?
Here is thy cloak and here a Frenchman gave
His card, a noble, titled stranger, he."
Unwillingly fair Edith follows her
And, though exhausted, still doth she prefer
To roam within her inner world, where all
Claims Love as king, her heart Love's capital.

A troubled, little world of hopes and fears,
Invaded by young Jerold's mighty band —
His daring longings, whose sharp-pointed spears
In one brief moment conquered her heart's land;
Encamped upon her maiden soil; subdued
Her proud ambitions and dissensions brewed.
Made her whole being, erstwhile haughty, brave,
This poor youth's willing, uncomplaining slave.

And felled full low by Edith's single glance
Was he, who boasted youth's loved liberty —
All pierced and silenced by young Amor's lance;
His independence gone, no longer free!
"No more can I in gorgeous Newport thrive,"
Quoth he. "For Edith is a honeyed hive;
Her million charms are busy bees that sting

My helpless heart — O poor, weak, bleeding
thing!

“ Now were she sprung from hardship’s rocky soil,
It were no sin to win her lovely hand;
But she’s a child of luxury, nor toil
Could such rare gentle being e’er withstand.
Impossible! For walls of gold do lie
About her, who has caused my misery!
So let me hence, to wander far from home —
Perchance a sailor on the churning foam!

“ A Jack-tar e’en and wear the navy-blue —
Meet symbol of my constancy to her.
For I do swear my heart shall e’er be true
E’en though she spurn me, like a whining cur.
At sea! At sea, remaining days I’ll pass,
Far, far from her, this beauteous, potent lass!
Yea, never see her more, my Passion’s source —
Lest mad I turn and seize the maid by force!”

Such sad reflection pierced him to the core,
As in his humble hut he sat that eve.
When hark! A stranger knocketh at the door,
Who doth for Jerold this strange message leave:
“ The lady whom I serve doth ask to know
Canst thou at once relieve her daughter’s woe,
Whose touring-car requires mechanic’s care?
She’s sent for thee, to make thereon repair.

“ ’Twas madam Fields, thy name did recommend,
Whose car to-day thou didst in order set;
So hasten, youth, and Edith’s car attend,
For she would forth this very ev’ning; yet,
I know not whither, for Society
A nomad tribe, that everywhere would fly;
Perhaps some titled guest would entertain,
Who’d wed an heiress and her millions gain! ”

Thus did the servant speak his lady’s will;
Young Jerold, hearing, pale as marble stood.
Fair Edith’s car? His own mechanic skill?
Would he repair it? Certes, oh, certes, he would!
Then jealousy, enkindling ev’ry fire,
Saw counts and dukes make mock’ry of his ire;
Saw Edith borne across th’ Atlantic wave —
A countess, aye, or rather titled slave!

So puts the youth his best apparel on,
For ’twas a feast, a farewell-banquet e’en
For eye and heart — to which he now was drawn;
A king’s sad parting from his lovely queen.
And now, as twilight followed on bright day,
He finds her mansion, splendid, o’er the bay.
And there, beside a rose-bush, anxiously,
There waits fair Edith, ’neath a sturdy tree!

Now doth imagination’s magic brush
Touch this rare scene, till Jerold’s greedy sight
Notes but a fairy-land; each flower-bush

A covert grove, where elves transport at night.
And Edith was the fairy-queen, to whom
All homage pay, for whom these posies bloom!
And ere he knew, he stood beside the maid —
A poor intruder, bashful, half-afraid!

Her gleaming eyes, with burning ardor lit,
Look now on him — and light the secret road
That leadeth down, where lonely Love doth sit —
Down to her heart — O blessed, sweet abode!
Then stammered he: “Fair maiden, I am come;
Thy car, where is’t?” Then passion makes him
dumb.

She, noting him in Amor’s web held fast,
Grows pitiful, brings back his speech at last.

“Thou lovest me, O Jerold! Hide it not!
Though Love be speechless as a child new-born,
Yet see he weeps, poor helpless, tiny tot!
Oh, let us foster him before the morn.
Ah! Look, my car for thee and me stands there —
Oh, not my car — my heart doth need repair.
I’ve told good mamma for Love’s sake, a lie,
Who deems my touring car has gone awry.”

Then both draw nigh, where stands Love’s vehicle;
She, whisp’ring beckons her pet dog along.
Then Jerold starts, and thinks some magic spell
Has fallen o’er him; be it right or wrong,
His pent-up feelings break their boundaries

And lover's oaths are born of lover's sighs:

"By Heaven, by Hell! By all the powers that
be —

Thou lovest me — and I — I burn for thee!

"Yet maiden, hearken, could'st thou in a hut,
Where thrive old Labor and brave Honesty —

To wealth and grandeur, ever, ever shut —

Oh, could'st thou, Edith, always love poor me?

Then art thou mine, forever and for aye!

Then shall I own thee, or, not owning, die!"

She gazes softly at his fevered cheeks

And thus all sweetly, ready answer speaks:

"Oh, bear me hence, oh, many miles away!

Far from this gilded prison let me flee!

As thy devoted consort bid me stay

In thine own cottage, so thou be'st with me.

I spurn the title wealth would have me wear;

(Alas, poor mamma's misdirected care!)

Untitled Jerold is my king indeed,

A native son — Columbia's sterling breed!"

Her words were martial music unto him:

For her rare sake, death were a welcome thing!

Forever young — let worlds grow old and dim —

His soul and Edith's feel eternal Spring!

He clasped the maiden to his joyful breast,

A burning kiss upon her lips he pressed —

Quick fuel for his fire — another still!

Still more and more — he cannot have his fill!

But while they stood thus lost in Passion's wild,
A voice they heard, that called them from their
Heaven.

"Where art thou, Edith? Hast thy coat, my child?
For see the night grows damp — the clock spake
seven!"

Thus called her governess, whose well-paid care,
Would Edith's presence not a moment spare.
But Love is versed in ready wit and skill,
Makes Edith speak and all suspicion kill:

"Good madam, thank thee for thy sweet concern!
I have my coat and scorn the chilly night;
My car soon ready — see, I would but learn
How this mechanic sets the thing aright.
Oh, hark! I hear behind yon hedges — faint
Some crying infant? Hear'st thou its complaint?
Go, see, good madam — kiss away its tears,
But as for me, oh, have no anxious fears!"

Now while her governess such errand filled,
Sweet Edith thus to Jerold whispers low:
"Haste, haste we now — for Fortune has so willed!
Speed, speed our car — to Hymen's altar, go!
The moments fly and mamma soon returns
From some grand banquet, where a marquis yearns.
Come, Jerold mine — 'twill be a reckless ride,
That makes thee husband — me, thy happy bride!"

So speeds the car, Love's modern phaeton;
Down avenues, past tranquil mansions glides.

Now by trim yachts, whose daily task was done;
Now where the warship calm at anchor rides;
Whose watchful sailors guard their mighty posts —
Our country's sea-knights, whom Columbia boasts —
Aye, they behold this dashing lover's deed
And seem to signal: Bon Voyage — Godspeed!

For hours they ride, up hill, down dale, thro' wood,
Past cozy homestead, silent grove and farm —
When hark! — A horn! Sweet Edith understood.

“ 'Tis mamma's car! Someone did give alarm;
Quick, steer our car, e'en to the left aside —
Behind yon thicket, Jerold, let us hide!
O love, they come, like blood-hounds on the chase,
Oh, keep me, shield me in thy strong embrace! ”

He does as he is bid, but not too soon —
For scarce concealed, the daring lovers spy
Their proud pursuers, by the rising moon;
Who, all excited, pass them quickly by,
Believing soon to halt th' eloping pair.
Then spake young Jerold, tuned to do and dare:
“ By Heaven, he doth grim death but little fear,
Who dares pursue my heart's own frightened
deer?

“ Ha! Listen, Edith! Just a mile from here,
There lives an aged, kindly magistrate;
To him we'll forth and banish further fear,

For he shall hedge us in right wedlock's state!"
She gladly hearkens and ere morrow's sun,
This youthful twain were lastly, truly one!
Gone lover's fear! Gone luxury and gold! —
So Poverty took Edith to her fold!

Rare Edith! 'Round thy name let myrtles twine!
Green by thy mem'ry as Time wanders by!
Nor warrior's glory dims that deed of thine —
For thou did'st stand for Love and Liberty!
No mock'ry thou to pauper duke or earl —
Thou wouldst remain — our heart's own Yankee-
girl!

No spurious title doth thy heart adore,
But loves the manhood of thy native shore!

O ye who hold that sweet Romance is dead,
Slain by the hands of modern money — Greed —
O ye, who say our wealthy daughters wed
But titled weaklings of stale Europe's breed —
Hark to the tale that wond'ring Newport told
Of charming Edith, spurning heaps of gold,
For that she loved young Jerold, son of care,
Who, in his turn, adored this maiden fair!

AUG 1 1913

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 905 910 8